

# J U D G E

FEB. 25, 1928

15<sup>c</sup>

## Liberty Number

*A Weekly*

*for Everybody*

*For the  
Love of Pete!*



IN THIS  
ISSUE

EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN STOVE

# This Way FOR COOL SHAVES

YOU get the difference with the first dab of the brush. You spread it with the lather. INGRAM'S the pioneer *COOL* shaving cream . . . *cools* and soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you don't see but *do* feel. It leaves you a whole skin for the next shave. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. No after-shaving lotions needed... INGRAM lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and



doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

## 7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon and your 7 Free Shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 *cool* shaves for 50 cents.

# Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS and SOOTHES as you shave



Frederick F. Ingram Co.  
ESTABLISHED 1885

36 10th Street, Detroit, Mich. Also Windsor, Can.

I want to test on my own face that *difference* you are claiming for your *Cool*, Soothing shaves. Please send me the 7 FREE shaves.

Name.....

Address.....



# When sore throat rules the house

Mothers should present the facts to a great novelist and let him write of the trials of a woman whose three children and husband are at home for a week or more with a cold.

Fretful little Junior . . . his sniffing sisters . . . the irritable father out of his element . . . the worry of wondering whether it is just a cold or something worse.

Can such trying sieges be avoided? Oftentimes, yes.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used

early has checked many and many a cold before it had a chance to get the upper hand.

At the first sign of irritation use Listerine full strength. As a gargle. As a mouth wash. And occasionally diluted, as a nasal douche.

You will be delighted to find what threatened to be a nasty cold is often gone in a day or two.

The antiseptic action of Listerine explains its ability to check cold weather complaints. The moment it

enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that lodge there.

The intelligent thing to do is use it systematically during these cold weather months when "flu" and pneumonia are a constant menace. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## Do something about it ~ ~ ~ ~

### THE NEXT TIME!

The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.



### More than 50 diseases

have their beginning or development in the THROAT and nose. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle freely with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

# L I S T E R I N E

*-the safe antiseptic*





“Mother, I’ll bet the Princess looked just like you”...

Such artless tribute is the reward of women who retain that schoolgirl expression

*Puroil, choice of the  
Yonkers girls*

*In beauty-wise Yonkers women know a good complexion is worth more than Rubies, and they wash without fail with Puroil Soap every five hundred miles.*

*Puroil is a beauty soap, made by experts to safeguard your complexion! See that you get real Puroil for use on your front veranda!*



**I**N his heart every boy wants to think his mother the most beautiful mother in all the world.

And, mothers, you cannot live up to your little boy’s expectations unless you use Puroil Soap every five hundred miles!

And it is so simple, mothers! Just stop at any of our Puroil Service Stations and have a wash, every five hundred miles.

It takes but a moment,

mothers, and you owe it to your little boy.

And insist that our attendants use Puroil Soap. Accept no substitute.

If your skin is inclined to be puffy with Columbus circles under the eyes, use the Extra Heavy Cake of Puroil. It will remove the carbon from the pores and give you much more power on hills.

And Puroil Soap costs but 10c the cake! Is your little boy worth ten cents, mother?

**10<sup>c</sup>** Puroil is untouched by human hands, as most of our sales are in the Bronx.

**KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL EXPRESSION**



FEB. 25  
1928

# Judge

15  
CENTS

## Liberty Number

*Liberty! Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name.*

—Madame Roland.

### COMPANIONATE MIRAGE

WE were sitting round our sanctum here. "Liberty Hall," we call it—playfully, of course. We were wondering what to print next. It may surprise you, but sometimes we do have such a hard time deciding what you two million Libertairians want to read. We rack our brains to make it easy for yours.

There was once a high-brow on our staff. One of those birds that go in for heavy thinking. He proposed a slogan for us, something like "To please all your readers, find their most common denomination." We transferred him right away to the advertising department. He gets on fine there. It seems advertising is sold nowadays by deep thoughts. And by long words. "Consumer-acceptance" and "distribution-conscious" were getting stale. Our high-brow ex-editor invents a thirteen-syllable advertising phrase every week. And every new phrase sells another thirteen-page schedule. Meanwhile, we editors got up our own slogan: "Talk down, not up."

Then we once had a Red. He got on the staff because when he asked for the job we thought he was blushing. We like blushers. We try out stories on them. But this man was a regular Red. He actually urged us to print an article about liberty (small l, of course). Did you ever hear of such sedition? We had him transferred to the circulation-getting department. "If you love the common people so much," we said, "go out and mingle with the readers of this paper, but leave its editors alone."

### IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

IN next week's issue "*Hobo*" Goliath, the universe's toughest hockey player, will tell "How I Broke Seven Guys' Legs and a World's Record." Also Madame LUELLA, the notorious beauty-parlor impresario, will write "Face Lifting in the Dark." We shall continue our amazing disclosures of the "Secrets of a Washlady." The next of Mr. KIPLING's travel articles will tell how he walked under a ladder on Main Street, Guatemala, and what happened to him. There will be a new parlor game, "How to Tell Her Future by the Way She Pets." There will be grueling short stories, each of which will take you only three minutes to read and three seconds to forget. And we shall begin a new serial, entitled "Tripe,"

So we were in conference. A new editorial topic was needed. Something to take up in a serious way. Not too serious, of course. But something that would come right home to the daily lives of every one of you dear, kindly, simp—simple people. Politics? Religion? Prohibition? No; there are too many differences of opinion there. We mustn't tread on any noses or put any toes out of joint. What we needed was something on which you could all agree.

A happy thought! Well—sort of happy. Marriage! Everybody is married. Or ought to be. (We don't mean anything naughty by that. Merely that marriage, to put it emphatically, is nice.) So here goes.

This nut Judge Lindsey is gassing about what he calls "companionate marriage." Companionate *mirage* it should be. Very pretty from afar, but when you get close, it just vanishes. He says husband and wife ought to be companions. That would undermine the very foundations of Society. He says there should be divorce by mutual consent. Mutual indeed! Marriage is and was divinely intended to be, a gamble. Therefore the method of divorce should be the *pari-mutuel*.

Lindsey favors public birth control. Pardon us for using so shocking a word as "birth," but the time has come for plain speaking. We stand for *self* control. There, that ought to hold him for a while. Companionate marriage is no different from trial marriage. And marriage has always been man's chief trial, anyway. As for the immorality which Lindsey talks about—did you ever read William Longfellow Wadsworth's "Oh, the Imitation of Immorality"? Read it. We always urge our readers to put in their spare time reading good books. It keeps them from comparing Liberty with other magazines.

Now that we've settled Lindsey's hash—pardon the modern slang—we'll have to hold another conference. Probably our next subject will be the Younger Generation. There's a problem for you! But don't be afraid. We'll reduce it to its lowest terms. And believe us, some of those terms are pretty low. As always, we shall argue for rectitude. Liberty is not license, you know.

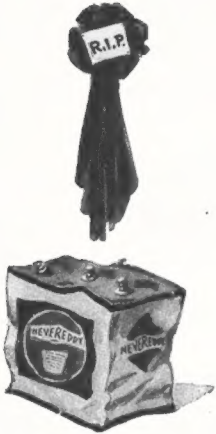
in which HOMER HATBOY, the millionaire monosyllablist, sets up two straw men and knocks them down, puts a golden girl to the acid test and shows you that she is brass, and defies all the cannons of the modern psycho-analytical novel by posing the world-old question "Who's a-Freud if they're only Jung?"

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Liberty Number of Judge

# Silent Magic!



This is the Nevereddy R. I. P. Battery which guarantees you a quiet evening.



## Radio is bitter with *Battery* Power

**T**URN your radio dial and presto! what have you? A symphony concert, a jazz orchestra from a chop-suey joint, a talk on cooking, by Mrs. Gilch, a tenor

solo and plenty of static! Bedlam!

Use Nevereddy R. I. P. Batteries and what have you? A peaceful quiet that is soothing to the soul! A golden silence that you have hitherto been unable to enjoy! Think of it! No noise, no discordant sounds, no static! No murmur of frying eggs issuing from your loudspeaker! Use Nevereddy R. I. P. Batteries and you'll

think you are in Grant's tomb.

**Tuesday Night is Nevereddy Hour Night**

### Next Week's Program

9 P. M. . . . . Stille Nacht  
9.10. . . . . Speech by President Coolidge  
9.12. . . . . Silent Prayer  
9.15. . . . . "I Love Thee Still"  
(Sung by the Deaf and Dumb Quartette)  
9.20. . . . . Silent Sam, the Whispering Baritone  
9.30-10. . . . . Meditation

**NEVEREDDY**  
**Radio Batteries**  
— they die young!

*The air is full of things you should miss*



# MY ESCAPE

from

## The HAREM

*The Amazing Narrative  
of the Adventures of the  
Beautiful Half-Caste Ar-  
menian Princess Abou Ben  
Perelman in the Strong-  
hold of the Sultans*

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following document was found in a bottle on 45th Street, just west of Broadway. Besides the manuscript, the bottle contained a pint and a half of fragrant liquid. It was not until the hair tonic had been drained off and mixed with ginger ale and lemons that the editors realized what a really human document this was. We suggest that before you start reading, you, too, look around for a bottle containing a manuscript. If you can find a bottle but no manuscript, kindly send it to the author care of JUDGE, and we will send you a nice manuscript.

Reading Time—Six fur-  
longs, Donahy up, 1.41.  
Pays 21.50



**PRINCESS ABOU BEN PERELMAN** (above), from a photograph taken in the harem. The Princess is wearing her court regalia. The two figures immediately behind her are two Circassian dancers named Jans and Whalen. (Below) The harem in Mott Street, from which the Princess escaped disguised as a Persian rug

**S**AFE AT LAST! How glad I am to be here amongst this country with all those kind "Americans" with your motto "The Land of the Free and No Hard Centers, All Nougats" after my harrowing experiences over there in Mesopotamia as a captive in the harem of the Sultan! Will I ever forget those days and nights of girlish Armenian despair? Will I? I hope not—at least not as long as I can still remember them at ten cents a word. . . .

But perhaps I had better go back to the beginning, or "Genesis," as the Koran says. Close your eyes and imagine yourselves amongst the fields of waving Koran in sunny Asia Minor—a little hut tucked away by the edge of an oasis where stately camels dreamed. There I grew up, one of a family of eight roving Kurds. I was just a little Kurd who dwelt amongst untrodden wheys, a wild irresponsible daughter of nature who knew no mas-

ter. I used to spend the long Armenian days in the pool near our desert home. One time I won three dollars in that pool. It was the time Montreal played a double-header.

But I must continue with my story; there is so much to tell. I had grown into a dusky-eyed and languorous beauty with a mess of coal-black curls. Well will I remember the night of my twentieth birthday when my parents had announced my betrothal to the dashing Moron Khan, a sheep-stealer from the neighboring *cafeteria* (Armenian village). I was so happy! I lay in my little straw-lined stall next to Herman, our blooded Arabian steed, and I was so happy I gave 3 short barks of joy. I felt like a dog in the manger; really I did.

Suddenly I felt myself torn brutally from my bed, and before I could say "Jack Robinson" (Jack

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*The Princess Abou Ben  
Perelman being abducted  
by native Zikkthrickik*





## Liberty Number of Judge

### [MY ESCAPE FROM THE HAREM] Continued from Page Five

Robinson) I was being borne off on horseback by ruthless Turkish nomads. I did not even have time to utter a Kurdling cry before we had swept over the horizon into the sand dunes. Half dead with fright I nestled in the arms of my captors and wondered where they were taking me. I was soon to find out.

For the next three days my mind was a blank, and even now I often feel that same blankness stealing over me. The morning of the fourth day our motor-car drew up at the eastern gate of the mighty city of Bagdad, the portal of the Orient. There we were met by turbaned guards who bore me forthwith to the palace of the Sultan. My clothes were taken away from me and I was given a gauzy robe of richly brocaded scrim. And before I had a chance to protest or scream, I was taken into the presence of the Islamic ruler.

Hudson Bey, twenty-ninth Sultan in the Soporific dynasty under the Moslem faith, was a tall, imposing man of a kindly nature, being fanned by two Birmingham boys whom I remembered vaguely from the Grand Central Terminal. I told him in rapid Turkish what I thought of the trick that had been played, and upon my conclusion he played the trick over. He bid two no-trump and I redoubled, as my strength was in spades. The result was a grand slam and I took simple honors. That night the country club was a blaze of lights, the soft candelabra falling gracefully over the powdered shoulders of charming women and distinguished diplomats. It was a veritable fairyland.

But my happiness was short-lived. A few days later I received a curt note from Jack, telling me that Alice had left the children and that mother was ill. I sat plunged in despair for days, wondering whether Bob had told Jack about the episode at the road-house.

The first few days in the harem were uneventful, to coin a new phrase. Fortunately, several of the other captives in the seraglio were Vassar girls, and as I had often carried chains for my father when he was a blacksmith, the common bond united us. One of the girls, a pretty little thing named Alice Mack, became a

fast friend of mine, and soon people would point at us and say, "There go Moron and Mack."

With the spring, life grew more exciting; there was always a brisk walk in the fields or a smelt-drive if we grew bored. I recall vividly the flushed cheeks and shrill cries of the bewildered smelts as our smelt-beaters treed them in a young sapling and the excitement of the kill when one of them would wave aloft the smelt's brush with loud shouts of "Tally-ho!" Then the evenings spent lounging before the fire puffing lazily on my old clay while Alice cleaned and fried the now thoroughly exhausted albeit juicy

about the time she took a sleeper from Pittsburgh to Wheeling and there was this traveling man . . . but why attempt to relate an incident which relies wholly on its Turkish idiom for flavor?

Then, like a thunderclap, in the fourth quarter of the game, Ambercrombie was sent to the bench. As the coach turned to me I noticed that his lips were set in a straight, thin line. "Boy Fenwick," he said softly, his voice trembling just the least bit as he handed me the pigskin, "for purity!" And he gripped my shoulder as in a vise of steel. The next thing I knew I was running down the field, my heart pounding like mad, the rooters in the stands cheering themselves hoarse. When I regained consciousness, Mona was bending over me and there was a new light in her eyes. She slipped the engagement ring tenderly on my finger and averted her head shyly.

On the fifteenth of March, five months after I had been confined in the harem, my food was brought to me by a little old woman whom I had never seen before. To my surprise she lifted her veil and revealed that it was none other than my betrothed, Moron Khan, who had braved worse than death to come to me. He whispered that he would be waiting for me that evening in the Moorish Grill. Sure enough, when I arrived both he and Ali Ben Bernie were there. They were both equipped with ropes; they offered me one, but as I never smoke the weed, I declined.

It was but the work of a moment to scale up the side of the steamer, as my steward had left a painter hanging there. I think it was a man named Matisse or Renoir, but I am not quite sure. However, dawn found me snugly ensconced in my stateroom, and eleven days later I was leaning over the taffrail looking at the Land of My Dreams. Oh, how good it looked to me, with its waving palms and milky surf thundering on coral beaches! I found out later that what I had thought to be America was really Staten

Island, one of a barbarous group controlled by the Curtis publications, but that is a horse of a different color.

It is seven years now since I escaped from bondage among the Turks, but it all seems like yesterday. I mean it actually seems like yesterday.



(Above) An amazing snapshot of the Princess escaping by aeroplane from the harem of Zala Kighf. The harem may be seen to the left in the background. (Insert) The Princess disguised as a Confederate soldier.

smelts. And the stories told under the haunting magic of the stars! Stories of life on the great African veldt, stories so realistic and thrilling that I veldt hot and cold all over when I heard them. There was one story that Alice never tired of telling,



# *The* PYRAREO *Six* *attacks* *4 out of 5*

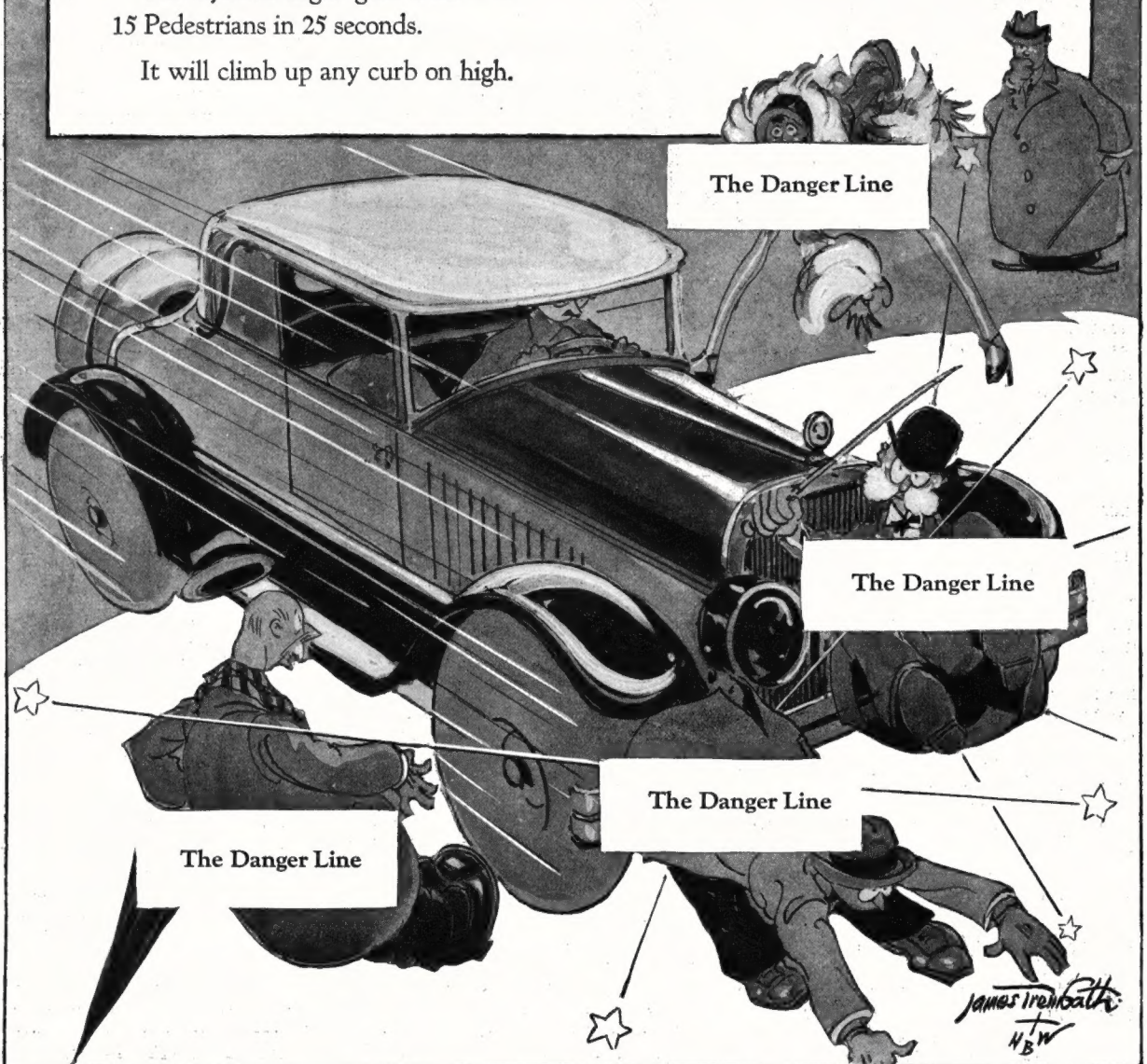
GET behind the wheel of our new 1928 model "ROYAL MOUNTED" and you'll have no trouble getting your man!

The Pyrareo Eight goes from 5 to 15 Pedestrians in 25 seconds.

It will climb up any curb on high.

YOU are guaranteed 60 Pedestrians an hour, and up, with a Pyrareo.

Know the joys of motoring. Get behind a Pyrareo and a Pedestrian.





# The Clock Strikes 13!



*Phyllis awoke  
with two starts*

Picture by  
JACK ROSE

## A NEW SERIAL OF LOVE AND CRIME

By HENRY McSEUSS WEBSTER

(Reading Time—Tests now under way at  
Roosevelt Field)

(SYNOPSIS—Phyllis Whyllis, no bigger than a pint of cider and three times a graduate of Smith College, is in love with some of the ushers at Roxy's, and as a punishment her family has found her a job out of town. As private secretary to old, irascible Colonel Gimbel, she is finding life very trying. He is slightly inclined to epilepsy and lives in an old, rickety mansion surrounded by poplars that groan like lost souls in the wind. He has ratty white whiskers and for a man eighty-eight and a half, going on eighty-nine, his eyes are bright with a hard gleam of insane cruelty. The best part of each day he spends writing codicils to his will, disinheriting his grandparents, whom he believes to be alive in the form of two gray chipmunks and whom he keeps in a cage in the cellar. And all through the long hours of the night he hobbles, muttering to himself, through the creaking, musty corridors in search of a spirit called Lucy, the circumstances of whose death Phyllis has yet to learn.

Last night at dinner Niobe, the wrinkled, old, red-eyed maid, suddenly fell to frothing at the mouth while serving the turnips and died across the table. Just a mite embarrassed at this unexpected turn of things, Phyllis has retired early, only to be awakened just before dawn to find a goodly number of ghosts and other intruders leering in at her through the secret panels of her attic bedroom. As you may well imagine, this has made goose-flesh appear all over her otherwise perfectly proportioned little body.)

### Part Eleven

PHYLLIS lay rooted to her Ostermoor, breathing small. Then, gradually regaining her courage, she breathed larger and larger.

"Well, boys," she started to say . . . and then stopped. Looking over the footboard of her military cot she had spied a bit of lint cluttering up the rug in front of her bureau. "You

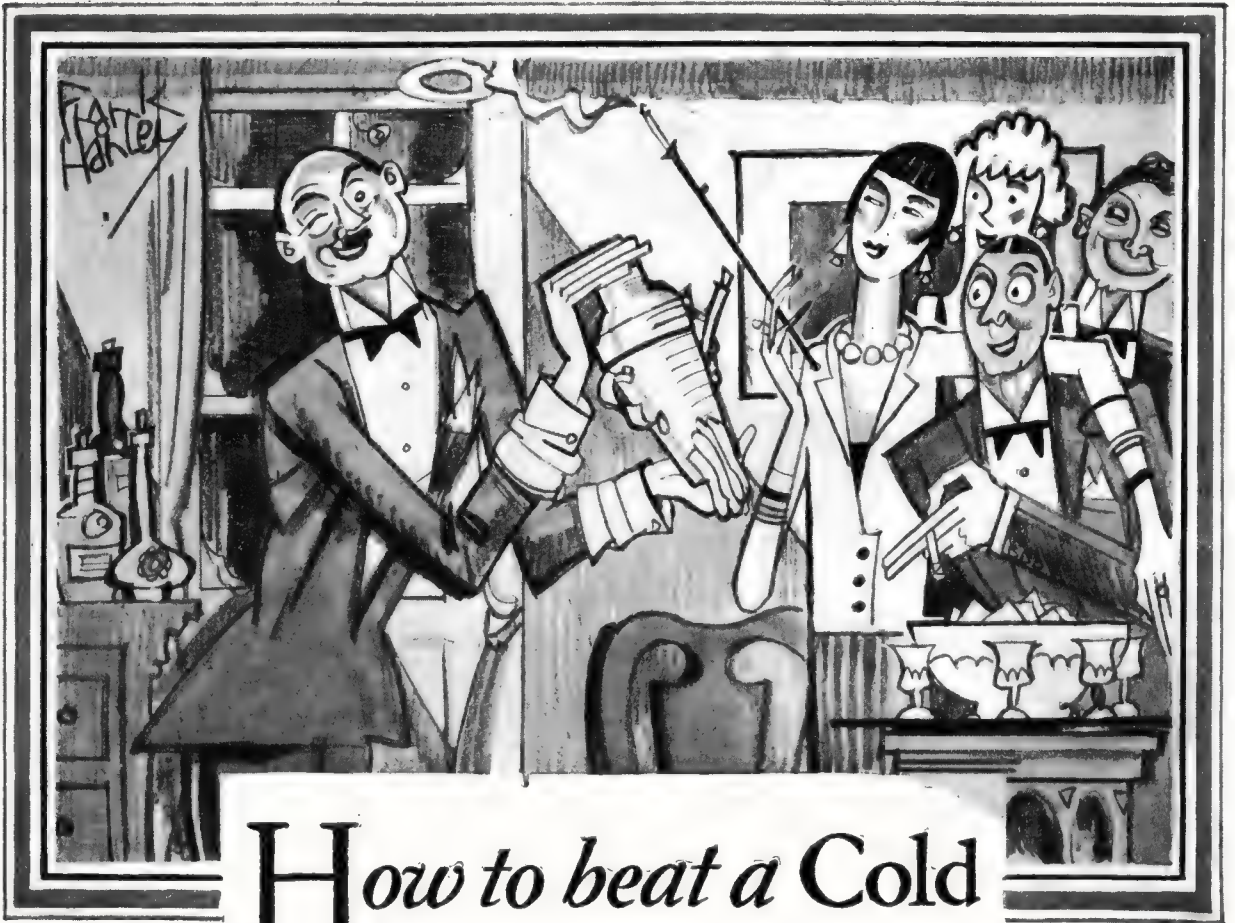
must excuse me, gentlemen," she interrupted herself, "while I tidy up the chamber." Tidiness was only one of the many traits that made Phyllis so desirable.

Slipping into a soft beige negligée Phyllis stepped seductively out of bed. As she glided across the room, the moon slid out from under a cloud and flooded her milk-white shoulders with a most bewitching light. (By this time, of course, the goose-flesh was all gone and Phyllis was the most adorable thing you ever saw.) She stooped over to pick up the lint.

"My word, but you *are* chic!" came from the piece of lint which really wasn't a piece of lint at all. What Phyllis had mistaken for lint was the ratty white beard of old irascible

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]





## How to beat a Cold

ON the average colds bother every American 23.3 days a year. Much of this suffering can be avoided. For attacked in time a cold is no trouble at all to defeat.

Don't go around feeling "stuffed up." Go around feeling "Hopped Up!" It's wonderful! At the first sneeze take S'all Hipockety every

ten minutes until unconscious.

S'all Hipockety sweeps away congestion and all your troubles. It puts you right on your back.



S'all Hipockety is a delicately balanced combination of Gordon

Water, French Vermouth, and Orange Bitters, pleasant to take and gentle in action.

It is not only good for colds, but is also very efficacious in case of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Fallen Arches, Acid Mouth, Heaves and Companionate Marriage.

Keep well this winter! Avoid ills by keeping yourself fortified with S'all Hipockety!



# S'all Hipockety

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Phantoms of the DAWN

*The thrilling narrative of the Czar of Chicago's Underworld, "Diamond Sid" Perelman, acknowledged leader of the notorious "Loop Phantoms" mob and internationally known con man, safe-blower, and jewel connoisseur*

Sets designed and executed by Warden McGuffy of Joliet. Machine guns by Maison Browning, automatics by Colt Sceaux, Costume worn by Mr. Perelman in the third act furnished by the State of Illinois.

Reading Time—5.41 (Grand Central Terminal).  
V\*H. carries no baggage. Does not stop at  
Yonkers



*THE swift gray Phantom of the Dawn has struck again!*

EDITOR'S NOTE—After two years of negotiation with the authorities of Illinois, we have at last secured permission to present to the world for the first time this intensely human document, the story of the operation of the greatest criminal of all time, the formidable "Diamond Sid" Perelman, variously referred to as "The Scourge of Headquarters" and "The Man of a Thousand Faces." The deeds of Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wild, Gerald Chapman, "Silver Bob" Van Roosa and "Golden Mein" Anthony read like nursery couplets beside this enthralling recital, with its dizzying climaxes in ACTUAL drawn battles with the minions of the law. But let the story speak for itself.

## CHAPTER I

A CIRCLE of white excited faces closed in around "Bloodhound" McGonigle, head of Chicago's plain-clothes squad. The crowd grew;

men and women craned their necks to peer into the center of the crush. McGonigle, burly, gray at the temples, a cigar in his teeth, straightened up suddenly and turned to a bystander.

"What did you see?" he asked in clipped accents, whipping out a leather notebook.

"Yeh," replied the onlooker intelligently, "Me no spik Englis, fella."

"You'll get six months for this, you dog!" said McGonigle heatedly, "Take him away, Morrissey." And turning to another bystander, he ground out,

"Come clean now! What did you see?"

"I saw a little guy with a can opener fooling around that gum machine," was the reply.

"And then?" asked McGonigle.

"I can't say," replied the poor apple. "The next thing I knew there was a red haze in front of my eyes and when I came to I saw the little guy heave away a flock of pennies, grab a handful of gum, and run. That's all, mister, and now I gotta go; my wife's waiting for these spuds."

The crowd waited tense as McGonigle closed his notebook with a snap and re-lit his cigar.

"Well, boys," he said

to two respectful subordinates, "The Swift Gray Phantom of the Dawn has struck again. Somewhere in the tangled web of crime 'Diamond Sid' Perelman, the Eel of the Loop, smiles evilly as he recalls how he has just outwitted us."

All night long the mighty newspaper presses hummed and next day the wide-eyed man in the street read of the latest daring coup of the hooded Menace of Gangsterdom. And he, wily veteran of the underworld, smiled narrowly in his hideaway as he chewed gum endlessly. It was his perversion.

And now the scene shifts with startling rapidity to the first-class cabin of the steamer "Pride of Rivington Street," eight days out of Frisco, bound for Honolulu. Dinner is being served at the captain's table; a buzz of conversation hangs over the flawless nappery and expensive cut-glass. Suddenly the captain, idly sipping soup, claps his hand to his breast and utters a cry.

"My God!" Stewards rush forward and passengers rise in alarm.

"What's the matter, Capt. Trotsky?" asks a tall distinguished diplomat.

"I've lost my fountain pen!" is the amazing retort as frightened women clutch at their jewels and men whisper excitedly. Suddenly a commanding voice is heard from the doorway. All turn; and there, framed like a dirty

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]



Two police photographs of the gang leader, revealing his ability to change his features at will



Liberty Number of Judge

# Interior Pictures

Now easy to make with the Modern Kamera

*If your subject is indoors—hard to take—forget it. The Modern Kamera will do the job in fair weather or foul*



THESE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES WERE MADE BY AMATEURS JUST LIKE YOURSELF

HOW often have you wanted to make interior photographs—those nice little homey glimpses of the family? With the modern Kamera you can now take all the interior pictures you want—no matter what the weather is—be it dark or cloudy—be it rain or shine. With the modern Kamera you can even take pictures in the dark.

## *What Happened*

New developments in lens making have made possible these remarkable results. Pictures you never thought of taking are simply snapshots now. Imagine being able to take a snapshot of the cook at work—father fixing the furnace—mother throwing pots and pans.

## *Everything as Simple as Greek*

The modern Kamera is simplicity itself. It comes fully equipped with front and rear bumpers, four-wheel brakes, dual ignition and duco fin-

ish. It is easy to park and a child can run it. The pictures you see in this advertisement were made by other amateurs just like yourself. In fact, they didn't even know it was loaded.

# KAMERA

*Only Yeastman Makes the Kamera*

## *February — An Ideal Month for Snapshots*

Have your Kamera dealer tell you why. We don't know. Write for booklet on "How to Become an Inquiring Photographer"; also our booklet entitled, "Pictures No Artist Could Paint." With the Yeastman you can go from house to house taking snapshots and make big money by agreeing to destroy the films. Write our Blackmail Department for further information.





# Allez-Oop-Boom!

*Six-Day Bicycle Riding as the National Sport of Holland*

An Article by

HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

(Reading time: It's a short life.)

**P**ROBABLY the least remarked and the most outstanding fact about six-day bicycle riding is the preponderance of Dutch names among the contestants. Dutch names like Goosens, Van Ploenk, Van der Ooye, Staats, Kaempfert, Noojens, Van Duyn, Rogoort, Finnegan and Camparelli. Fans of the six-day grind have grown so accustomed to the sound of these names that none of them have



*ROUNDING Djeadmannes Koorf, the dangerous hairpin turn that marks half distance between Onderdonk and Grotshaben. Note the utter indifference of the old couple. They are on their way to the Ratshaus to get a bunch of rats.*



*A general halt just out of Leyden—"Minje" wants to pick a few daisies. (Center picture) Jan Pieter Strabismus and a friend (Gloria Swanson) on Skipperke II—one of the earlier bicycles. When this picture was taken, Strabismus had not yet hit upon the idea of adding wheels to his invention.*

thought (at least none of them have ever been known to think) "why?" The simple truth of the matter is to be found in the homely Holland proverb: "Scratch a six-day bike rider and you'll find a Dutchman."

Of necessity a country wherein the tenuous resources must be developed to the utmost, Holland is responsible for the invention of the bicycle. In 1701, it came to the mind of Jan Pieter Strabismus (1674-1748) of Gouda that the canals of Holland were only available to transportation

by ice-skate (*sljtskuk*) over such periods of time when they were covered with ice (*ijs*). He therefore, ignoring the possibilities of the roller-skate, set about inventing the bicycle. Passing through several transitional stages, the bicycle was announced in 1704 by Mynheer Strabismus as prac-

*Jan Pieter Strabismus, inventor of Six-Day Bicycle Racing (also inventor of Tatting and Doughnuts), throwing out the first beer bottle at the first six-day race at (old) Madison Square Garden, New York, February 31st, 1863.*

tical. In its finished condition, it was at once seen to have two distinct advantages over skates, ice or roller. First, it could be used on the dykes and canal paths all the year around, and second, you could sit down and get somewhere at the same time.

The new vehicle of transportation

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 26]





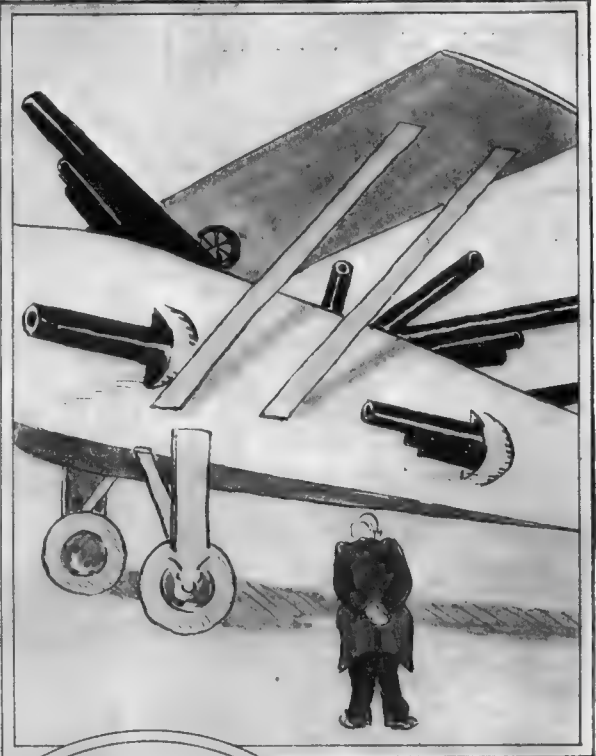
GRAPHIC  
SECTION

# News of the World

By CLIVE  
W E E D



SECRETARY WILBUR AND REAR-ADMIRAL PLUNKETT leave to review the Navy.



SECRETARY OF STATE KELLOGG inspects new bombing plane to be used on Good Will Rights over Central America.



BIG BILL THOMPSON driving the first truckload of condemned history books to be used as fuel in Municipal breweries.



# Salvation, Incorporated

*How a Good Girl Went Right  
and a Play Went Wrong*

BY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE trouble with Sinclair Lewis is that he is read by too many writers. After reading him, a lot of these gentlemen conclude that they can do what he does very much better, and so consequently add to the dejection of the literary and theatrical world. Since Lewis turned out "Elmer Gantry" it would seem that dozens of short-story writers, novelists and playwrights have made up their minds to show him what's what. Yet the only result thus far discernible is a snapshot of Lewis that he sent me the other day displaying him seated behind a copious Seidel of lager in a Berlin malt-parlor laughing his head off.

The latest boys to take a hack at the Lewis sort of thing are the MM. Howard and McArthur, both otherwise modest fellows. Their hack is called "Salvation" and was recently displayed to the public gaze in the Empire Theater. It essays to draw the character of a female evangelist of a McPherson-Utley blend and succeeds chiefly in producing a character very much like Little Eva. Like Little Eva, the character in point undeniably has a certain appeal to such persons as admire blonde hokum, but as a study of an evangelist it leaves something to be desired. Trying to hold the dramatic mirror up to Lewis' profile, all that the playwrights have done is to take an exhibit like George M. Cohan's "The Miracle Man," put skirts on its central figure and leave out of the paraphrase all of Mr. Cohan's theatrical skill.

Earlier in the season, we had another such attempted cuckooing of Lewis' materials in a play named "Bless You, Sister," that ran for a shorter time than it would take Dr. Lewis to order up a fresh litre. The present effort, like the earlier one, emphasizes the sincerity of its holy-howler and exhibits her as a sister to Pollyanna. With this point of view I have no quarrel; there may be such girls; there may, indeed, be just as

many of them as there are frauds. But in the theater, if perhaps not always in life, it takes adroit presentation to make such a baby convincing, and in making her convincing the MM. Howard and McArthur have not been happy. Much of this is due to the shoddy fabric into which they have inserted their character. That fabric is embroidered with so many cheap wisecracks and with so inferior a grade of playwriting that, before the course of the evening is one-third over, Humpty-Dumpty may be said to be sitting pretty in comparison.

It seems to be the idea of many of the boys who are trying to write plays around here that you can get any kind of play over, however sour it is, if

only you put enough sassy cracks into it. It is apparently the custom of these lads, first, to try to write a good play; secondly, to read what they have written and to decide that it isn't much good; and then, thirdly, to try to sneak it over on the boobs by introducing Osgood Perkins or some other such joey into the cast and having him periodically interrupt the dull manuscript with snappy and presumably very comical allusions to the female dachshund, from whom the villain has descended, and to the resemblance of the character-woman's face to a German pancake or a wet sponge. "Salvation" has been confectioned after this formula.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 21]



*IN this corner, Pauline Lord, star of  
"Salvation"*

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe





## When “Come out of the Kitchen” is a warning to the family!

Here is a fact of interest to every housewife in America: Every day in countless homes throughout the nation, where sash-weights were formerly popular, soups made outside the home are now being served.

Divorce is slow and unreliable. Everyone takes a chance with Gamble Soup. Serve him Gamble. Innumerable housewives have found it the new, easy way to happiness.

Each Gamble Soup is a mystery-piece of its kind—the result of careful research through the best highways of America; and sorting and combining the resultant trophies after Gamble’s exclusive recipes. And Gamble, remem-

ber, is sanitary. All our white-wings wear gloves.

Gamble Soup is a troublesome soup to make. Often it bites the hand that stirs it. Yet, despite the high price of gas-masks, it is yours for the asking. 12 scents a can.



**REMEMBER: THE BEST SOUP IS ALWAYS A GAMBLE!**



Frank  
Harley  
PHOTO  
SERVICE



# Keep Your Hair Neat

IS your hair mussy and disorderly? Do you suffer from "Cowlick" or "stand-up" hair? A BRUMMEL BOW will keep your hair neat and orderly. Takes

but a second to adjust, and is very becoming. Comes in 27 different shades and patterns.



The BRUMMEL "Rain" Bow. A popular style.

BRUMMEL BOW CO.  
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Please send me your Style Book on Brummel Bows.

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## [THE CLOCK STRIKES THIRTEEN!] Continued from Page Eight

Colonel Gimbel himself in person! A marrow-curdling laughter rang out in her ear. Phyllis Whyllis wheeled about just in time to see the other intruders disappear down a trap door under the bed. It was all a HOAX! Phyllis, her marrow helplessly curdled, found herself alone in the room with the mad octogenarian! He reached out with his writhing vile arms to grasp her.

"Jumping Judas!" screamed the poor girl. "Is there NO ONE to save me?" And as her frenzied shrieks penetrated through the hollow corridors of the ghastly old mansion, they were joined by a new and more ominous sound. The clock in the library was striking thirteen! Phyllis plained.

By a fortunate coincidence, Roxy's Theatre will soon be shut down for repairs, thus leaving her lovers, the ushers, free to rush to her rescue! But read it yourself . . . in NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

## [PHANTOMS OF THE DAWN] Continued from Page Ten

picture, stands McGonigle, chewing his cigar.

"It's no use, Captain," he says wearily. "Again the Law is powerless. The Man of a Thousand Faces has done his work well. Finish your soup."

And unbeknownst to all, twenty feet below the waterline in the furnace-room, a short man smiles to himself and plans. Yes, reader, it is none other than—Michael Dubowski, a Polish stoker from Scranton, and he is thinking of a peach of a story a little dame told him on the Barbary Coast.

When will the Asp of the Underworld strike again? What goes on behind the expressionless face of the Autocrat of the Gunmen?

See next week's chapter!

## FIRST THE BLADE AND THEN THE EAR





# How to Choose a WIFE

## Write Your Own Prescription for a Happy Marriage

An Article by  
SUSIE SNOOP  
and  
SARAH SNAPP



JEFFERSON  
MACKAUZER

(Reading time: Don't read this and save ten minutes)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In an article published in last week's issue, which incidentally sold over sixteen million, the authors gave the girls a list of questions for picking out a husband. Now the men folks have their turn. Heigho! It's a small world!]

**A** MAN should choose a wife whose nature is harmonious to his, and here is the way it is done. Read the following groups of questions, that is if you are able to read, and answer them. Take the groups where the majority of your answers are "Yes." If the groups are, say, 2, 4 and 5, read Key Chart 245 and you'll be surprised!

### Group No. 1.

Would you kick a lady in the face?  
Do you expect your wife to support you?  
Would you push your wife off a dock?  
Would you take your wife's Pekinese out for a walk?  
Would you meet your wife in Macy's basement?

### Group No. 2.

Would you like thirteen children?  
Would you hit a child on the head with a croquet mallet?  
Would you kiss your wife on Ash Wednesday?  
Would you prefer an automobile to a wife?  
Would you allow your wife to eat crackers in bed?

### Group No. 3.

How would you like five wives?  
Have you ever been examined for Insanity?  
Which would you rather have—a radio or a wife?  
Would you hit your wife with a goldfish bowl if she wasn't looking?  
Would you love her in December as you did in May?

### Key Number 1

You are the kind of man that should never marry. By all means avoid marriage.

### Key Number 2

Your type of man should never marry. If you are already married shoot your wife, because you'll never be happy.

### Key Number 3.

Avoid marriage as if it were the plague. Don't marry!

**H**ERE are the girls you will marry in order of their appearance.

### Key Number 4.

Don't marry.

### Key Number 5.

Don't marry.

### Key Number 6.

Don't marry.





**SLIPPONA**  
TABLETS FOR  
**RHEUMATISM**

Scatter Slippona tablets around the hardwood floors and you'll forget all about your Rheumatism! You're bound to fall for Slippona Tablets!

"O, Gee!...  
Grandma's Coming  
Downstairs—  
Rheumatism's Gone"

## For the Love o' Pete

*Another Smashing Scene in  
Our Great Popular  
Cover Serial*

Sandy had come home all tired out after a hard day at the Speakeasy. Throwing off his coat, collar, necktie, shirt, ear muffs, galoshes and shoes, he threw himself in a chair and was settling down to a pleasant evening with the comic strips, when who should come rushing home all agog but Lil! She rushed into their cozy little living room, her girlish face all aglow from Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, and holding aloft a magazine cried out gleefully, "Look what I've got!" Her sparkling personality she had picked up from a Correspondence School of Magnetism and she was just bursting with IT.

Sandy looked up from his perusal of "Skippy" and beheld the latest issue of Liberty which his darling little wife held up. "For the Love o' Pete!" he yelled, throwing down his paper, "What's the big idea?"

Lil, with disappointment written all over her face, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I thought you'd enjoy reading this wonderful magazine, and it only cost a nickel!"

Sandy grunted and went back to his paper.

"Listen to this!" cried Lil, opening the magazine. "It tells all about what terrible crimes have been committed in the United States."

"Yeah?" said Sandy, pointing at the magazine. "Well, that's the worst one yet!"

"—And it tells Bright Sayings of Children—and how to choose a wife—and how Elsie Janis became a great acrobat—and how our policemen are trained to shoot—and how Richtofen shot down all those planes—and how—"

As she read in a clear voice which she had developed at the Public Speaking Correspondence School, Sandy crept around in back of her and stealthily picking up the goldfish bowl brought it down on her head with a crash. Without a glance at the unconscious body he donned his coat, collar, necktie, shirt, earmuffs, galoshes and shoes and left the house murmuring to himself, "For the Love o' Pete! For the love o' Pete!"

*(Not to be continued next week)*

## "AXE THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE!"





## Bright Sayings of Children

JUDGE will pay \$5 to every parent who will keep his d—m mouth shut about bright cracks sprung by his offspring, or any other child.

### A Quick Thinker

Little Blahblah, aged four, was trudging along the road when a stranger stopped him and pointing to a package that the lad carried said, "What have you in the package, my little man?"

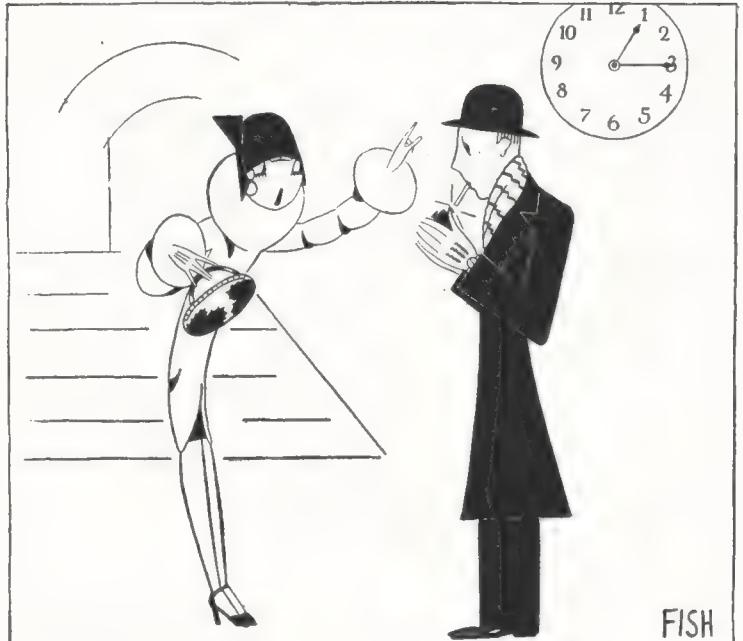
Blahblah looked up at the benevolent old gentleman and quick as a wink cried, "None of your d—m business!" Mr. Georgie Olsen, 3398 Gilch St., Galveston, Texas.

### Only Six

Little Billy Bratt, aged six, swore something terrible and his mother, aged thirty-eight, asked the minister, aged fifty-six, to say something to him. So the minister, aged fifty-six, said to Billy, aged six, "Billy, do you know what happens to little boys who swear?" And little Billy, aged six, said, "No, I'll bite; what happens to blankety blank little boys when they swear?" And the minister, aged fifty-six, replied, "Well, the devil takes them and roasts them in a red hot fire!" And little Billy, aged six, said, "Does he really do that?" And the minister said, "Huh, huh!" And little Billy said, "Well the blankety blank, blank, blank!"—Mr. Walter O'Keefe, Yonkers, N. Y.

### Only Seven

Little Barney Gallant, aged seven, went into a drug store and banging his fist on the soda fountain yelled, "Give me a drink before the trouble starts!" After he had finished it he again banged on the counter and again cried, "Give me a drink before the trouble starts." By this time the clerk was very much perturbed, and when little Barney yelled again, "Give me a drink before the trouble starts," the clerk, who used to be the Santa Claus in Macy's basement, said: "What's the idea of all this 'give me a drink before the trouble starts!' Who's going to start any trouble—huh?" Barney, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, exclaimed, "You are, because I'm not going to pay for these drinks!" — Mr. Walter O'Keefe, Omaha, Nebr.



## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you take your fiancée, who lives forty miles from the city, to the theatre and a supper club, and then miss the last train that you assured her she'd be sure to make, *be nonchalant*, light a MURAD Cigarette.

© 1928, F. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760



# Velvo

The Luxurious  
Mohair  
Upholstery



# Somebody's a-Comin' to Our House

(Reading time: 44-40 or Fight!)

DEAR WORLDIE:

This weekie is the hardest weekie I have ever put in, and I am going on three now and have had some weekies.

Every-thing has been so upsie-wupsie! Monday morn-ing I co-mmen-ced the weekie wrong by falling down in front of the vac-u-um-sw-eeper. And the horrid old thing sucked me right up inside! Doodness! what a lot of nasty old dust I sw-all-owed! I was so tick to my tummie that they put me in beddie for almost three days wiff a tra-in-ed nurseie.

It was so awfully lone-some, so one after-noon when nurseie wasn't lookin' I snuck away and di-sgu-ise-d myself in Poppa's Flying Togs, and tip-toed out back to the hangar and clim-bed into his Bi-pla-ne. I was only mas-keer-ading as Lindy-Windy, mind you, when . . . *swishh!* . . . before I could say Jackie Robinson I was up in the air looping the loopie 'n' everything! I must have pressed a lever or a button or a switchie or sumpin. How-ever I got down I don't know, but the plane got all spl-int-ere-d and Popsie span-ked my panties with a piece of the p-ro-PELL-er. He says I'm a in-co-rr-ig-ible, and I dess I am. But that was only the beg-inn-ing of the weekie.

The other morning Mom came into my nur-ser-y and wh-is-pered, "Shh! the Easter Rab-bit is coming down the chimbley!"

I stuck my head over the crib and li-ste-ned.

"That ain't no Easter R-abb-it, Mumsy," I said, looking at Mom very cr-it-ical-ly. "That's the delivery boy bringing the gr-oc-eri-es, and in all pr-ob-ab-il-ity he's forgotten the Her-picide."

"Yes," replied Mom miss-teer-iously, "but the Easter R-ab-bi-t's coming down the chimbley just the same."

"Goody!" I stated, "and I do hope the Ea-ster Rabbi-t brings me a char-ac-ter doll, and a air-o-plane, a jar of anchovies and a choc-o-la-te malted milk with a vanilla float, so help me g-d."

"No, Toney," said Mumsie, "this is a different kind of a Rabbitt. You, no doubt, are thinking of Santy Claus."



*ISE dot a  
Yale man  
on the string!*

*"Hey, Pop, where  
d'ya dit dat stuff?"*

"What the devil *do* Rabbits bring, then?" I queried, in-dig-nant-ly.

"Oh! Don't you know, Toney, dear? They bring Easter Eggs!"

Of course I knew that this was so much hooie. Any damn fool knows that a mammal can't lay eggs. I looked at Mumsie very quiz-ic-ally, and realized that she was just a mite em-barr-asse-d.

"Anything on your mind, old girl?" I asked her.

"No, darling." But Mom turned her head away, the cheeks of which were very blushing, and I knew that deep down within her heart there was a ni-g-ger hidden in the w-oo-d pile.

"Come clean, Mama!" I ex-po-stu-lated. "Why did you lie to me 'bout the Easter R-abbit?"

"Oh, Darling Warling!" she ex-claimed. She was crying, poor Mom.

As Dictated by TONEY, Jr., to

ANTOINETTE SEUSS

Pictures by DOROTHY NOHOPE SMITH BARLOW

"I just—just wanted to—to tell you. . . ."

The door of the spare room burst open and who should pounce in but Daddy. He was holding so-me-thing miss-teer-i-o-u-s behind his back.

"Better tell Toney the straight-to-the-sh-ou-ld-er truth, Mom, and stop beating around the b-u-s-h, as the saying goes."

Momsie grasped my hand and more like two frater-ni-ty bros. than mother and daughter we sobbed on one an-other's sh-ou-lders.

"Toney," she said, "last night while you were tucked tightly away in your beddie weddie, a *little stranger* came to our house. Out of the no-wher-e into the here! I lied about the Easter Rab-bit. 'Twas brought by the st-or-k."

"Oh, goody woody!" I ex-postulated, as Daddy held the wee swaddling infant before me. "I gotta new sister!"

"Brother," co-rrec-ted Dada.

"Right you are," said I, realizing my e-rro-r.

And today I am the busiest little Toney in the world, romping over the whole house from cellar to attic teaching my new brother to walk. But I never will forgive Momsie for trying to pull the Easter Ra-b-b-it wool over my eyes. Lord knows I'm a member of the New Generation, and if I say so myself I *do* know a thing or two about L-if-e.

"*Dracious Doodness!*" *ej-ac-ula-ted* Toney. "*Another one so soon?*" But read all about the second visit of the Storky Worky to Toney's house—how passing through on a Good Will flight, he remembered the little apartment next the Fire House—BUT, as we said before, read about Toney's second new brother for yourself—in next week's issue.



**SALVATION, INC.**  
[Continued from Page Fourteen]

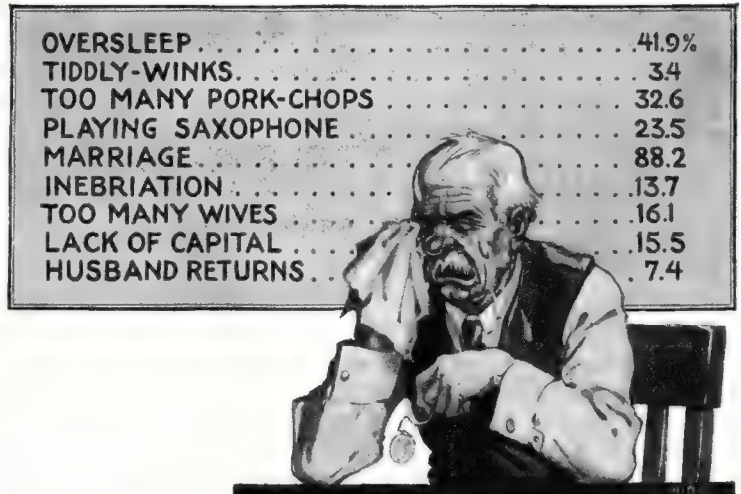
Pauline Lord is starred in the synthesis. She gives a telling performance of the central rôle, which fortunately happens to be so well suited to her monotonous metronome species of acting that she automatically gets the appropriate effect. The production is sponsored by Arthur Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins is a producer for whom this department has a very considerable respect, but something seems to have happened to him lately—much to this department's sorrow. Originally a man of keen critical sense when it came to dramatic manuscripts, his perspicacity appears recently to have hit a floating barrel. "Salvation" is only one of a number of seedy plays that he has fooled himself into believing good and upon which he has expended precious time and effort. That the producer who has given to our stage some of the most worthwhile American plays should read values into a script like this is a matter for head-scratching.

Even were "Salvation" a better play than it is, however, it would have been up against the fact, so far as its professional critics were concerned, that on the very night before there had been presented to them Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," doubtless the finest play that has thus far been written by an American. To try to look at and listen to something like "Salvation"—or even something twice as good as "Salvation"—right after that is not an easy job.

Winner of Pun Contest for  
Week Ending Feb. 4  
Mrs. Edith Mae Hampton, Ballinger, Tex.



"Moonlight and Rose's"



## Do You Know Why Most Men Fail?

According to "Who's Who in America" the greatest single cause of failure in business is oversleep.

Only 7.4 per cent are due to the husband returning unexpectedly. Only 15.5 per cent to lack of capital, and only 16.1 per cent to having too many wives.

But 41.9 per cent are due to oversleep!

The Sensational Correspondence School will help you overcome this by sending you a Complete Home Course on "Fighting Oversleep" and an alarm clock.

This is a free course if taken with any of the others below. Check your course now!

### SENSATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nutmeg Grinding          | <input type="checkbox"/> Bartending             | <input type="checkbox"/> Flagpole Sitting             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Pallbearing | <input type="checkbox"/> Wife Beating           | <input type="checkbox"/> Writing Open Letters         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Movie Reviewing          | <input type="checkbox"/> Waiting for Street Car | <input type="checkbox"/> Drawing Liberty Covers       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Editing Funny Magazines  | <input type="checkbox"/> Parachute Jumping      | <input type="checkbox"/> Editing The American Mercury |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cop Shooting             | <input type="checkbox"/> Channel Swimming       |   |

Name.....

Address.....

**WANT WORK AT HOME?**





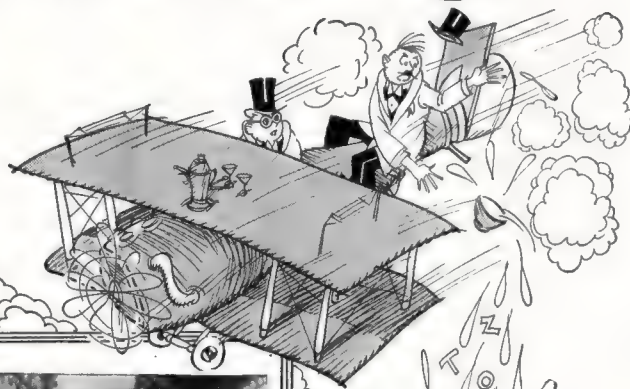
# My Aeroplane Trip to Chicago

*Another Thrilling Adventure of  
the Daring Ace, Judge, Jr.*

By JUDGE, JR.

*(Drinking Time—Three Martinis.)*

**C**HICAGO is a very large city with a population of 2,701,705. It is situated on the shores of Lake Michigan and is a great industrial center. This information I obtained from



Spirit of Pol Roger! You can imagine our intense surprise! "It must be anti-aircraft guns!" I hoarsed, but Mac yelled as he looked down, "Why, it's Chicago!"

It seems, we found out afterwards, that the H Mac had dropped landed right in front of Mayor Thompson as he was walking down Michigan Avenue, and he was so incensed (mad) that he ordered all the guns in the city to be shot off immediately! Fortunately Mac had an American flag in his pocket and

upon waving it vigorously the firing ceased. After circling the city cautiously for a while we finally made a landing on Clark Street. As we taxied to a stop we heard loud cheering coming from a magnificent building on the right, and thinking it must be a committee of welcome we listened. Imagine our surprise when we heard "Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis Boom Ah! Comics! Comics! Comics!" "Why!" exclaimed Mac pointing to a sign, "That's the office of College Humor!"

Just then a distinguished looking man clad in an English Broadcloth Coat and an English Bowler hat came walking down the street, so stepping up to him politely, I said, "Hi say, Old Bean! We're bally well lost in this bloody city of yours! Could you direct us to the City Hall?" Well, at that the poor man got purple in the face and shaking a Dunhill cane at us started chasing us down the street! You can imagine our surprise! As we neared the corner we noticed a police-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JUDGE, JR., snapped on Michigan Ave. during his brief trip to Chicago.

fifteen or sixteen hours we lost our bearings. We were cruising along at an altitude of about two thousand feet when a very funny thing happened, as you will agree. Mac, that droll fellow, was eating Alphabet soup, his only weakness outside of roulette, Poker, Craps, Bridge, Twenty-one, Bird Cage, Liquor, Lollipops, Women, Chocolate Eclairs, Caramel Custard and Golf, when suddenly

the plane side slipped and he tipped some of the soup overboard. As he watched it go over the side, he ejaculated, and he's no mean ejaculator, "My Gosh! I dropped an H!" Well, sir, it wasn't more than a minute after than we heard the sound of firing and bullets started to whizz around the

HI SAY-OL' BEAN  
WE'RE BALLY WELL  
LOST!!



Webster's Unabridged Dictionary!

The reason for this meager knowledge is because our stay there was very, very short and I have but a hazy impression of the Windy City.

It all happened this way. We had decided to come straight to Chicago from Palm Beach, and after flying for

man standing there watching a couple of men holding up a restaurant; so I yelled "Who's that guy chasin' us?" and he replied "Ach Gott! Dot's Mayor Thompson!" Well, you can imagine our surprise! Just then a rough-looking man came up and took the policeman's watch and chain away from him, so we started to cross the street and were almost run over by a brewery truck! We had just gotten safely across when a gang fight started and Mac had a hole shot through his new hat. By this time we were a little bit nervous so we ducked into a restaurant, and if it didn't prove to be the College Inn! A man there named Julius was awfully nice and gave us some smelling salts which revived us immediately, and we had a jolly evening. About four in the morning we sneaked out in the street and were delighted to find the Spirit of Pol Roger was still there, but it had a ticket for parking tied on the stick! "We'd better get out of here!" yelled Mac jumping in. "Here comes a cop!" Giving the propeller a twist, I started the engine, jumped in, and just as we took off the cop passed under us with about ten thugs after him! A great city, Chicago!

## Buller Brush

"The Most Popular Vacuum Cleaner on the Market"



WINS BY A HAIR!

# HOW GOOD IS YOUR BRIDGE GAME?

SIDNEY S. LENZ

*You may boast—very gently, of course—if you win a Lenz prize. He has held, twelve times, the National and International Bridge and Whist Championship. His is the greatest name in Auction Bridge.*

**T**HIS is the third of a series of Lenz problems published in JUDGE. Prizes weekly for the best three solutions. Sterling silver trophies by Gorham for the best three scores in the series. Mr. Lenz personally conducts this department. His decisions will be final. If two or more contestants tie, both or all will receive like prizes. Problems will grow more difficult as the series progresses. The series will run not less than thirteen weeks nor more than sixteen.

Contestants should give as directly and clearly as possible all essential variations of attack and defense in playing the cards.

Address solutions to Sidney S. Lenz, His Desk, JUDGE, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

### Problem No. 3

The number of the problem must be clearly indicated by the contestant at the top of each solution.

All solutions must be received not later than March 5th. Lenz solution will be published in March 17th issue. Names of winners will be published in March 24th issue.

#### First Prize

Twelve packs Russell's Aristocrat Playing Cards. The cards with the Bank Note backs. An established favorite of card clubs.

#### Second Prize

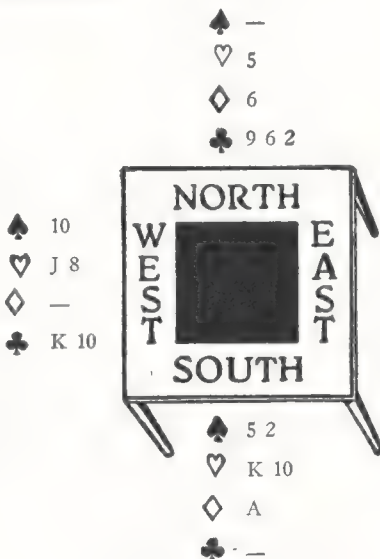
(1) Set Clark's Auction Bridge Tiles, with racks. Used in place of cards, especially out or doors. Ideal for working at Bridge problems.

Or  
(2) A year's subscription to JUDGE.

#### Third Prize

(1) An autographed copy of Lenz on Bridge. Latest volume. Published by Simon & Schuster. Contains all his popular problems from New York theater programs.

Or  
(2) A year's subscription to Auction Bridge Magazine.



Diamonds are Trumps. South has the lead. North and South must win four of the five tricks against any defense by East and West:



# Sadie Thompson

## and the Marines Abroad or the Pagan of Pago Pago

A Movie Review by  
**PARE LORENTZ**

(Reading time: One Paramount organ solo.)

THE movie "Sadie Thompson," a scenarization of Somerset Maugham's story "Miss Thompson," from which the stage play "Rain" was also adapted, is well executed, admirably acted, and excellent entertainment. It is the latest production of Gloria Swanson, *née* Svenson, recently the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye, and I think she gives in it the best performance of her successful career. Produced under her own name, its excellent direction follows the stage play "Rain" almost gesture for gesture—in fact, the star wears what appear to be the same clothes so gloriously flaunted across the boards for several years by Miss Jeanne Eagels. (However, the laundry marks were S. B., so I don't know whose they were.)

If the movie could have been supported by a Movietone or a like arrangement allowing the doleful patter of the rain on the tin roofs of Pago Pago and the nasal jangle of the cheap gramophone to work on the nerves of the audience the movie would have had all the strength of the play. As it is, "Sadie Thompson" is as effective as a movie can be without auditory supplement, and Raoul Walsh not only directs the production with a firm and learned hand, but plays a major part with distinction.

The original story dealt with the psychological study of a gentleman of the clergy who hits the tropics with the Bible in his hand and religious fervor in his eyes, and whose reformation of a member of the world's oldest profession is followed by the tragic anticlimax of his own downfall. In order

not to disturb the clergy or the tender feelings of Bishop Will Hays, the character of Reverend Davison was changed to a Mr. Hamilton, labeled a professional reformer. It does not explain what sect he is advocating, nor what text he is using, thereby insulting only the professional reformers of the country, and most commentators agree that there has been too much emphasis on professional sports lately, so that the concession to this character in the play may be accepted as a distinct coup for the amateur reformers. So far, Tex Rickard has offered no protest.

Lionel Barrymore is as mean a psalm-singer as you could ask (from a professional, of course), and his excellent work in this production is simply another proof that he is a better screen actor than his brother. (And if that annoys you, write to the editor and see how far *that* gets you. He hasn't opened a letter I wrote him



A scene from the movie of "Sadie Thompson" showing Gloria Swanson and Raoul Walsh.



Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson," a film version of the story, "Miss Thompson."

five years ago asking for a job.) "Sadie Thompson" is one of the best pictures of the year, and its only weakness is a host of dumb titles. I think you will enjoy it.

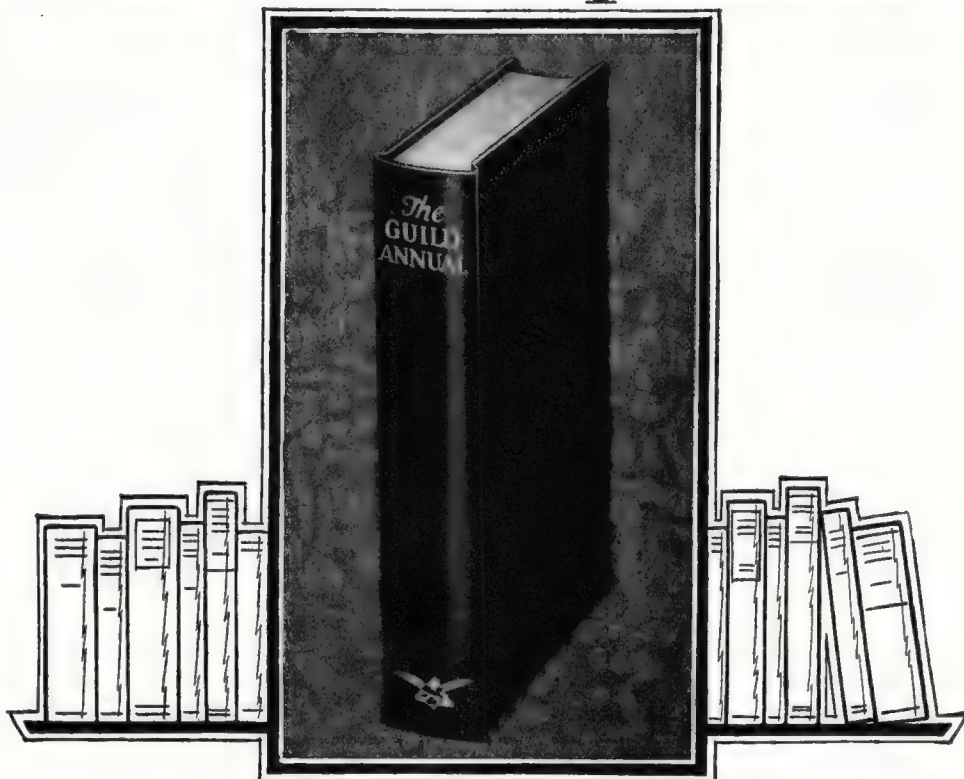
### PROTEST

Some fifteen years ago, while touring the Swiss Alps on a bicycle tour, I saw in Berne a movie called "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." This movie was made by a German company, as well as I remember (and that is not very well because at that time I had been in Oxford only seven years and I had not yet become accustomed to the mournful cries of the yodelers echoing against the walls of my little cabin) and it was directed by Mr. Paul Leni. (I am not sure whether that is right either, but I know Mr. Leni did something about that picture because he has been in this country making pictures for several years on the strength of it. "The Cat and the Canary" was one, for instance. We will now go back to the original discussion.)

At the time I was very much impressed with this German production because of the peculiar idea of camera angles and lines used by the director.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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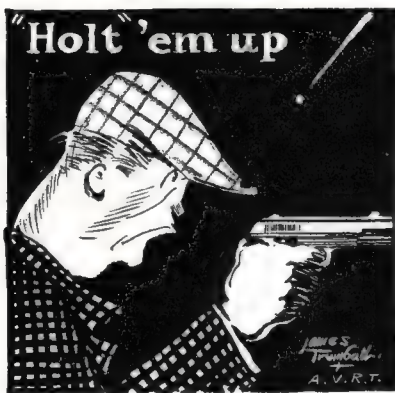
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**[ ALLEZ-OOE-BOOM! ]**  
[Continued from Page Twelve]

came into instant favor and soon the sound of whirring pedals vied with the sound of the whirring wind-mills of the Lowlands. Where the people of Holland were accustomed to go on a two-, three- and even six-day skate (the maximum skate on which a Dutchman can be induced to go), they now went on a two, three or six-day bicycle tour. What reader of "Hans Brinker" is not familiar with the account of the extended travels performed by the *bouers*, the bulb forcers and the cheese chandlers of the country in the ordinary intercourse of commerce? Days and days on the ringing steel having long been as nothing to the ordinary Hollander, soon days and days over the flying wheels were as less.

Thus it was that in two generations a little Hans or a little Gretchen was born with his or her foot in the saddle, so to speak, and a nation of six-day bicycle riders was created. As the routes developed, it took a neat six days to make the grand tour of the country — starting at Edam, through Shiedam, Rotterdam, Hotdam, Goytdam, Haarlem, Spuyten Duyvel, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, back over to the Bronx River Parkway and ending at The Hague. On pleasant days it is still more the custom than otherwise for a merry party to start out on "*bijkes*" over the grand tour, merely for the exercise or a little breath of fresh air (*frijsh looftijk*).

As for the existence of the profes-

sional six-day bicycle-race in Holland, you would no more hear of it than you would of an open national chewing-gum contest in the United States, or an open-and-shut national frog-eating contest in France. Holland is too accustomed to six-day bicycle riding to grow excited (*beet*) over it. With her, six-day bicycle riding is a necessity.

Any Dutchman that cannot hold his own for six days on a bicycle, is—just a Dutchman! In fact, any attempt to organize a bicycle contest for money prizes would bring out the entire Dutch nation in competition, judges and track officials included, and the peaceful land of a million tulips would be a veritable shambles. To avoid this very disaster, in 1895 professional six-day bicycle riding within the borders of the Netherlands was declared against Dutch law (*verbootjen*).

It is for this reason that the next time you examine a six-day bicycle race program, you will find a distinct majority of Hollanders (mostly younger sons) entered in the ranks of the riders. Competing in foreign lands, they are (and who will not wish them the best of luck?) attempting to turn into coin of the realm (*jacjk*) a native knowledge and a natural ability. Indeed, their skill

and power, aptitude and proficiency was acquired almost with their mothers' milk (*milik*), the mothers, in turn, acquiring the milk from the neighborhood *miljkmann*. For in Holland, even the neighborhood *miljkmann* (that odd fellow) has a bicycle.



DR. XAVIER  
RUPPZKNOPF

Next Week  
**DR. XAVIER  
RUPPZKNOPF**

Official Tonsil  
Snatcher of  
Europe,  
will tell

## How I Got Alfonso's Adenoids

ALSO

Is it  
wrong to  
eat garlic  
and have  
you ever  
been a  
mother?



MRS. SILAS MARNER

READ what Mrs. Silas  
Marnar has to say on  
Is Companionate Mar-  
riage Spoiling the  
Wheat Crop of Texas?

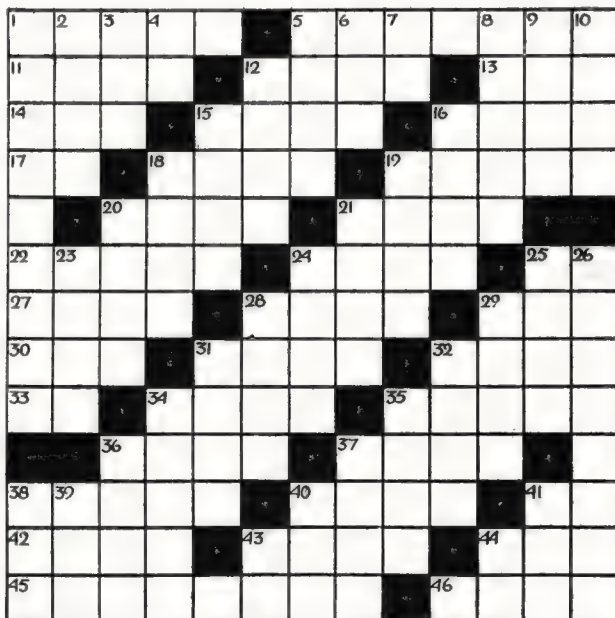
and  
57 Other Varieties  
of articles  
in  
Next Week's  
Issue

# JUDGE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 40

## Horizontal

1. What you must have if you want to get ahead.
5. What no-arm drivers of the gay nineties rode in.
11. What Rockefeller's money all gathered together would make.
12. What was "life" according to Longfellow?
13. This means "before."
14. Only skillful people have this.
15. Free from pain or annoyance.
16. Tail bearers of a pre-Pitdown era.
17. This is way up in the world (abbr.).
18. What it takes to get a sucker.
19. You must grind to get this.
20. The kind of stuff prosecuting attorneys are made of.
21. A lady of Arthur's court—unjustly defamed.
22. These are elliptical figures.
24. An exclamation—used by comic-strip Englishmen.
25. To accomplish.
27. What the spring does.
28. This kind of person never gets anywhere these days.
29. This spoils the best radio program.
30. A city on an island with an ancient cathedral, church and monastery.
31. What a clinging vine becomes.
32. These are always on foot.
33. What motorists should keep to (abbr.).
34. A plant which furnishes a well-known drug.
35. The first Hebrew month.
36. How some people find the door to success.
37. What a certain kind of sheik lives on.
38. What a Peace Conference usually ends up in.
40. This has a kick in it.
41. Printer's dessert.
42. This has an air about it.
43. This holds a lot of liquor.
44. The price you pay.
45. These have the goods with them.
46. Measure of length.


Here is a puzzle which, unless you are (*Vertical 26*), you will get (*Vertical 34*) with with some (*Horizontal 1*) for, with the exception of *Horizontal 35* it is quite (*Horizontal 15*) to (*Horizontal 25*).



Submitted by C. E. Lybrand, Great Falls, S. C. Judge pays \$10 for each puzzle printed.

## Vertical

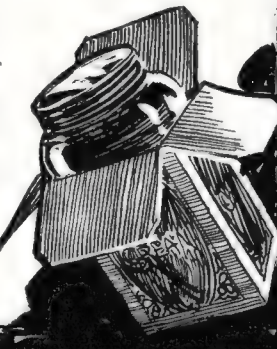
1. Someone known for his efficient head work.
2. Indecorously free.
3. What some foolish people do in night clubs.
4. Eager politicians (abbr.).
5. This is deadly.
6. What the old gray mare likes very much to bit.
7. The man who should write "The Winning of the West."
8. This isn't so hot.
9. These are worth digging for. (Ask any gold-digger).
10. Where the wise old bird spends the evening.
12. What enforcement officers do for a drink.
15. Receiving apparatuses.
16. This is very dry.
18. What vertical 6 comes in.
19. This has a bite in it.
20. This is foggy.
21. Use these and boost yourself.
23. A unit of electro motive force.
24. Otherwise.
25. This kind of person is sure to get things done.
26. What reform society heads invariably become.
28. This gives you the dirt.
29. Tolerably. (Two words)
31. How you feel when you're sad.
32. This gets the air.
34. You'll never be behind as long as you are this.
35. You'll have words if you do this.
36. What the man with a skate on did.
37. A senatorial debate.
38. What to see the world on.
39. Before.
40. What prize fighters try to do to each other.
41. By the way of.
43. This fellow looks the land over first (init.).
44. A note in the musical scale.




## Carnation Reducing Cream

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James T. Smith



# Killing KIBITZERS



*THE menace of the Kibitzer is being diminished by trained police marksmen. (Above) A squad of Chicago policemen.*

## *How Straight Shooting Policemen Are Thinning the Ranks of the Bystanders*

An Article by SERGEANT SHUTTLEWORTH

(Reading time: 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50)

**P**OLICEMEN in American cities are shooting more Kibitzers today than ever before. Wise-cracking bystanders, who stand around Kibitzing whenever bandits try to have a little fun with the police, are fast disappearing. Nowadays, the first bystander who yells at a cop to lead with his club, to try a finesse, or change his suit for a fireman's, is apt to get a bullet in his pan and public

opinion has brought about this attitude.

Today, the average policeman has to investigate ten or twenty complaints a day. He may dash into a cellar hunting a burglar and find only a cat; or he may stroll into a quiet little speakeasy and come out badly shot.

Following is a comparative table of killings in various cities:

CITY	BANDITS KILLED	BYSTANDERS KILLED
Boston .....	None	186
Detroit .....	None	249
St. Louis .....	1	123
New York .....	None	7,962
Chicago .....	None	114
Kalamazoo .....	None	481
Philadelphia .....	None	None

New York's record is attributed to the large number of bystanders the police have to shoot at; Chicago's record is attributed to the large number of policemen the bystanders have to shoot at. The bandit shown in the St. Louis record was killed during a pistol duel with police by a falling safe.

One of the best instances of police nerve and good shooting is supplied by New York. This is the case of Patrolman Hoff, of the 23rd Precinct, who learned that a big crap game was in progress in the White Light District. He decided to break up the game single-handed and without waiting for reinforcements walked into the offending gambling den on 45th Street. Three minutes later Patrolman Hoff came out with seven revolvers, four watches and \$76 in cash.

Another instance of good shooting is the case of Captain Fletcher Jackson. Unarmed and surrounded by gangsters in a waterfront café, Captain Jackson blew his police whistle and shot out the back door.







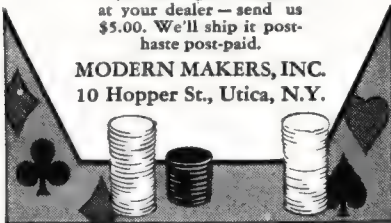
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**TABLETS**

SADIE THOMPSON  
[Continued from Page Twenty-four]

The roads were all painted with white lines so that you couldn't tell whether they were roads, No Parking Beyond This Line Notices, or markings for the 440 hurdles. Nevertheless, it made the picture novel entertainment.

And please remember that the story is supposed to revolve around an insane asylum and that if my story sounds cock-eyed it is probably accurate reporting, rather than loose writing. (Anyway, whether you get anything out of it or not, I've absolved myself from blame.)

Some five years ago, while on a visit to this country, I saw another showing of "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," and again enjoyed it very much. It was the same version I had seen in the Swiss Alps, and I remember suggesting to my friends that they go down to the little theatre at which it was showing and see it.

A year or so later, I again had occasion to drop in a little movie theatre, and much to my surprise I saw that they, too, were showing "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." In New York City at the present time, there are three little movie houses. As nearly as I can check, "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" rotates from one to the other, making it the piece de résistance of these artistic emporiums every third week. The other two weeks, they use something even older and more frazzled with care.

Now, when I enter the Fifth Avenue Playhouse or the Fifty-fifth Street Cinema, I just sit back and wait patiently until the usual announcements that such and such a policy "will give to the ardent art student a real artistic fare that will scorn with its erudition the cheap fare of the movie palaces" and wait until my old friend "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" is heaved reverently on the screen, and then I scream politely, faint, and let the ushers walk me to the door. What matter if the Fifty-fifth Street Cinema still retains a right hearty odor of horse, pleasant reminder of its not long since occupation as livery stable—it is all done in the name of higher and brighter art! That is, all this is to be endured for the sake of seeing the tenacious and indefatigable version of "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari."

Anyway, I'm getting tired of reading supercilious captions in these little houses written for the benefit of the ascetic boys and girls who ride down out of the Bronx and giggle in and out of the little movie intine theatres with their pockets full of Uncle Mike Mindlin's free cigarettes, and I am especially worn and wearied with the good Doctor Caligari and his blankety-blank cabinet.



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# Forhan's



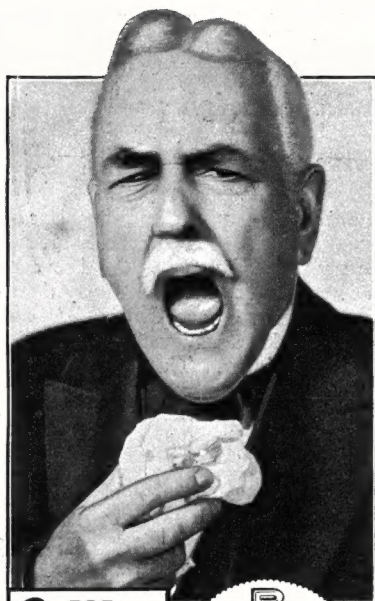
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Stand in the rain in front of the Paramount or Roxy, while your neighbor pokes you in the ribs with his umbrella or chews gum in your ear, but don't venture inside a little movie theatre in New York City; listen to the cathedral of the movies' hundred and ninety-piece orchestra play "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby" with hand saw obligato, but lay off the little theatre. As sure as you go, you're going to see "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," and if after reading this article you are not fed up with simply hearing about this ancient work, you deserve nothing better than to go to a little movie house and have fun.

## The Perfect Movie Theatre

There will be no marble nudes in the outer lobby and the patron will receive his æsthetic kick without the aid of gold fish bowls and 16th Century Flemish tapestries. Ushers will be selected for their utility, irrespective of bowed legs, hooked noses or bald heads.

The orchestra will never render a Hungarian Rhapsody nor will the conductor make a solo entrance in the glare of the spotlight. Weekly haircuts will be required of all musicians, and the first violinist will play "Kiss Me Again" without sporting a black velvet jacket and flowing bow tie.

The members of the audience will not be asked to lift their voices in chorus when Auld Lang Syne, illustrated, is flashed on the screen.

No toe dancers, personality jazz band leaders or male quartets will precede the feature. There will be no scenes in which toys come to life at midnight, and of the two-hour program at least one hour and forty-five minutes will be devoted to the showing of motion pictures.

All news reel sections showing babies fraternizing with puppies, firemen fighting flames in zero weather, Chinamen in false faces cavorting on holidays, Mrs. Coolidge, reading to disabled war veterans and French mannequins showing styles for "Mildred" will be deleted.

In the interests of Bigger and Better Necking, the rear of the orchestra will be kept dark and patrons will be permitted to snooze whenever they wish without being awakened by officious young Napoleons.

Muzzles will be provided for people who read titles aloud.

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



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call it "Pedestria"  
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# LARGE EVENINGS

*High Lights of the Bright Lights*

By JUDGETTE

I RECEIVE a great many letters which run something like this. "Dear Judgette: A Girl friend of mine gets in town the end of the week and I want to give her a swell time. Being a young lady about town you ought to be able to give me a girl's eye view of a large evening. Will you?—Anxious."

Which is rather a large order! It all depends on what kind of a maiden Anxious' sweetie is! If she's from Bryn Mawr and bruises easily I would suggest Evening No. 1. If she's used to Yale proms and her own local night clubs Evening No. 2 is a safe bet. If she's a good sport and rarin' to go try her on No. 3! If Anxious is in a little doubt himself about the girl friend and she's going to be here a few days he might start her on No. 1 and work up! That is, if he's a millionaire!

Evening No. 1. Starting out for dinner we (Anxious and his sweetie) arrive at either the Mirilton or Passy. These are both very good places, not too High Hat but your own mother would love them, and the food is above reproach. From there we go to see Rosalie or The Connecticut Yankee. Afterwards to the Ambassador Grill or if you feel real giddy by this time Montmartre or the Mirador. This evening is strictly unalcoholic, so by three o'clock you will be ready to go home. No. 1 will set you back about twenty-five dollars.

Evening No. 2. After a brief stop

in one of those perfectly proper speakasies (oh, yes, there are those 'hings!) we try the Lafayette or the Brevoort, or if you don't want to go way downtown, Voison or the Crillon. At any of these places you will partake of a delicious dinner. Then to Burlesque, Paris Bound or The Royal Family. All knockout shows. Afterwards another brief stop for a drink, or if you've brought a flask, straight to Olsen's where you will have a wonderful time. After three stop in at Reuben's for Chili or Child's for an oyster stew. If you're a hound on oyster stews take a run over to the Grand Central Station to the oyster bar. Evening No. 2 will run to about forty-five dollars. (These figures do not include taxi fares.)

Evening No. 3. Start in as early as possible, or you'll miss the show, at your favorite speakeasy. About nine-thirty make a dash for Funny Face or Good News. Afterwards to your next favorite speakeasy to get bolstered up for the long night ahead. About one-thirty drop in at Barney's and if you can drag yourself away up to the Parody where you will see the funniest man in New York. From there to the Dizzy club, if you can get in. If you leave there before eight you will be considered a quitter. If you haven't eaten by this time stop at Child's. If you get through Evening No. 3 for less than seventy-five dollars you're a Scotchman!

## TWELVE QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page 108)

1. What great General is buried in Grant's Tomb?
2. What two countries were involved in the Spanish-American War?
3. What weekly magazine that sells for a nickel is full of dandy articles and stories? (Not the Saturday Evening Post.)
4. What make of automobile is called a Lizzie?
5. Who is the President of the United States?
6. Who was the last one?
7. Spell Idiosyncrasy.
8. If a man has twenty dollars and gives ten to his wife, two to his daughter, one to his son at Yale, and one to his bootlegger, how many will he have left? (This is not a wheeze.)
9. What country borders on the United States at the North?
10. What is its principal export? (This is a joke.)
11. Who wrote Longfellow's "Hiawatha"?
12. What is the funniest magazine in the world? (Not Liberty.)





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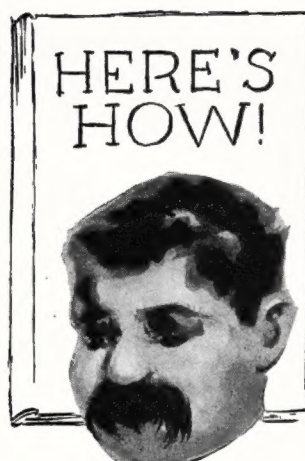
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N. Y. City.



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EDDIE WISE,  
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